THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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GIRLS DO NOT SCRIBBLE.

I need not say to the *boys* do not scribble; for they are more eager to exercise their muscles than their brains. The good time is coming when by moderate gymnastics and rational exercise our girls, without neglecting the latter, will strengthen the former.

But just now there are too many bright girls set on scribbling. My dears, there is too much scribbling already in the world. We want good writing, as we want good every thing else. There is a wholesome reaction: we see the folly of many of our hasty modern ways, and are beginning to long for thorough old-fashioned work everywhere. We need strong thought as well as strong cloth.

When I was a school-girl, I imagined, just as you do, that the greatest person in the world was the author of a book, and that life would not be worth living if one could not be an author. Now that I am a little wiser I see there are more ways than this in which one can exercise his brains to good purpose. Indeed, it is not well to write a book unless it is a *very* good one, for a million cumber the book-shelves that are not worth reading.

Of course *you* may have the rare power of doing it well. But that power must be carefully educated. In learning to write, one must work and, also, wait. You have thought little, read little, felt little. You are ignorant of the first principles of a pure style, to be the worthy vehicle of your thought. You have to learn "not to use two words where one will answer," to be economical of adjectives, to use the choicest, or the most appropriate. You have to learn to be accurate in statement, to keep close to your theme, not to go round Robin Hood's barn, but direct to the point; and, as a fine critic once advised, dash your pen through every second word.

Take the first step towards being a good writer by care with your school compositions, and by easy, natural letters to your friends. If the fit is so strong that you must scribble, lay your writing aside for a month, then read it, and, if you are as bright as I think you, you will burn or rewrite it. Thus you will escape women's proverbial faults in composition, of writing too often and too diffusely.

For The Dayspring.

WINTER CHEER.

AN OLD PROVERB IMPROVED.

"When the cold begins to strengthen
Then the days begin to lengthen."

WHEN the last faint tones of the Christmas chime
Have died away, and Father Time
Has buried in peace the poor old year,
Stretched out pale on the cold, black bier,
And wept by earth with a frozen tear;
And now when Winter, with festal din,
Has welcomed the infant New Year in,
And called his black servants, the clouds, to throw
Around the cradle a quilt of snow,—
At times his old frosty face doth seem
Lit up with a preternatural gleam,
And a wondrous lustre lights his eye,
As if a heavenly spring were nigh;
And the sun, with sympathy, loves to stay
Longer and longer every day:
The cold may strengthen, but hope grows strong;
The days, too, lengthen, and Spring comes along.
And so, in our life, "when the need is the highest
The help," says another old proverb, "is nighest."
Behold, ye faithless, how Nature, too,
Preaches a Gospel of grace to you!
Good tidings of the Fatherly Love
That sits for ever enthroned above,
And shines through the pale Death-angel's eyes
With a glory of unfading skies. C. T. B.

"IF what shone afar so grand
Turn to nothing in thy hand,
On again; the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize."

I'LL TRY.

"I know a child, — and who she is
I'll tell you by and by, —
When mamma says, 'Do this' or 'that,'
She says, 'What for?' and 'Why?'
She'd be a better child by far,
If she would say, 'I'll try.'"

WE are all fond of our Lilian: we never call her little *Fretty* or little *Crossy*, for she is gentle and happy. But she has one fault that will make her miserable when she is older, if she does not break herself of it. She does not like to study, or sew, or do any thing useful. She likes to dress and undress her doll and take it to walk, to daub with paint the pictures in her story-books, to go to see grandmamma, to rock in her mother's lap, and be told of what she did when she was her age. But when her mother says, "Do this" or "that," Lilian says, "What for?" and "Why?"

But yesterday Aunt Grace, who knows so many delightful games and is seldom too busy to amuse Lilian, came across the verse of "I'll Try," and she exclaimed, "The writer must have had our Lilian in his mind!" and then she read it aloud, and then she sang it to a lively tune. And this morning, for the first time, Lilian, of her own accord, brought her lesson-book to her mother.

She was so slow learning her letters and then spelling words of one syllable, that we had to tell her again and again how eager deaf-mutes are to learn the deaf and dumb alphabet so as to be able to talk with their fingers, and how patiently the blind learn to read by means of raised letters. But now we have no fear that she will not be a good scholar, for she has taken at last for her motto, "I'll Try."

A SKILFUL mechanic makes a good pilgrim.

TO BE SURE, OF COURSE I KNOW.

A LEGEND OF THE SWALLOW.

IT is said that when the swallow was first made, she was so pleased with her long wings, and her forked tail, and swift flight, that she did not set about building her nest in proper time; and it quite went out of her head how to build one at all. So, at last, after many attempts, she thought she would go to some good-natured bird and ask for a little help. Of all the birds she thought the thrush looked the most good-natured, and she told her difficulties to the thrush, and asked for advice.

"Oh, to be sure!" said the thrush, "I'll soon show you. First take a few 'bents,' as we call these old grass-stalks."

"Oh, yes; to be sure," said the swallow.

"Then get a lump of clay, and then another."

"Of course."

"To plaster them."

"Ah, yes, I know."

"Plaster them so" —

"Yes, to be sure" —

"And then" —

"Oh, yes, I know," said the swallow again.

"And then turn it up so," said the thrush.

"To be sure; oh, yes!"

"And then," the thrush tried to say.

"Of course," interrupted the swallow.

"Well," said the thrush, "you seem to know all about it quite as well as I do; so I need not delay any longer, but go off to my eggs. Good-by." And away she flew.

But they had only built half the round nest; and, for the life of her, the poor swallow could not make out how to do the other side. So she stuck the side she did know how to build upon a wall, and pretended to be very content; but the other birds often make little jokes upon "the bird with half a nest."

Methodist.

For The Dayspring.

MINNIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY KITTY CLOVER.

IT was the day before Thanksgiving. Almost every one in the streets was hurrying home with packages in his hands. Some with bundles wrapped in paper which covered, but could not conceal, the outline of chickens' or turkeys' legs. For days previous the air of the little village had been filled with spicy odors. Great preparations had been made for the home-coming of sons, daughters, aunts, uncles, and other absent members of the families.

Old Grandmother Gray sat at her window, watching the passers-by. A sigh broke the stillness of her little cottage kitchen, and a tear slowly trickled down her wrinkled cheek.

"All alone," said she, "no one to help me keep Thanksgiving! even if I had any to keep. And all these people going to happy homes, to be welcomed by dear ones; while I am alone in my old age."

The little kitchen was as neat as hands could make it. The stove, table, and chairs shone with a lustre which only steady rubbing can give. The bed in the corner (for this was kitchen, parlor, and bed-room in one) was covered with a quilt as white as the fresh snow outside. Beside the stove, curled up on a box, covered with gay bits of woollen, lay an immense Maltese cat, with handsome white paws.

Puss got down from her nest, as the old lady made the above remarks. Puss thought it high time for her supper, and she gave a dismal meaw to let her mistress know it. But, as this had no effect, she flew at the mat which grandmother had finished only the night before, and proceeded deliberately to sharpen her claws; though not so well as if it had been a twine mat. But at it she went with all her might and main, and finished by giving the scallops which adorned the edge a spiteful bite. Finding this did not avail, she jumped to her mistress's lap, determined to prove that Puss, at least, was alive and in the flesh. This brought the old lady back from her dreams. Far away she must have been not to notice the abuse of her mat.

"Poor Puss," said she, "did I forget to give you your supper? Strange I should, when you are the only friend I have left. Here's your saucer of milk, with some brown bread crumbed in it."

When Mrs. Gray had taken her cup of tea (she was not hungry that night), she read a chapter of the Bible aloud. Not that she imagined her cat could understand, but it was so much pleasanter to think she had company; she blew out the candle, and went to bed, while Puss curled up near the foot-board, to keep her mistress's feet warm.

In another street of the same village stood a pretty cottage, with bay-windows, balconies, and piazzas in every possible place. The gas being lighted gave a good view of the room where sat the little heroine of our story. One bay-window was filled with plants, a large hanging-basket of choice flowers, and a gilt bird-cage, the happy home of a puff-ball of a canary. On a little table near by was a tasteful fernery, brightened by partridge berries, making a picture in itself.

So much for the foreground. The room was carpeted with dark crimson; the chairs and sofa were covered with worsted rep of the same color; the chandelier hung glittering with glass pendants; one or two soft landscapes, and half a dozen good engravings adorned the walls. Before the cheerful grate, heaped with brightly burning

coal, sat a little girl, with a very discontented face. How strange that any one in this luxurious home, almost as beautiful as fairy land, could be unhappy!

Suddenly the door opened, and Minnie's mother came into the room. As Minnie did not speak, or even look up, which was very unusual with her, her mother came near to get a good look at her face.

"Why, Minnie, what is the matter?"

As there came no answer from the pouting lips, the mother drew the little girl towards her, and when she had nestled in her lap she said, "Now tell me all about it."

After a few tears, and a little more coaxing, Minnie made the following confession: "She didn't see what there was in this old world to live for, any way. She was tired of everything. Her doll was put away; her dog had tried to bite her; her kitten had scratched her; her bird sang the same old tune, and in such a shrill way that she was almost deaf. She and the rest of the girls had got up a society to sew for poor children, but every girl wanted to be president, and, of course, they couldn't all be, so that would break up the society, when they might have such a good time."

"Whom do *you* wish to be president, Minnie?"

"Well," said she, slowly, "I thought I might be, as I thought of the society first. But almost all the girls want little Bell, and she is a proud thing, and I will not have her."

"Which is the eldest of the girls?"

"Little Bell," answered Minnie, unwillingly, "but that ought not to make a difference."

"I think it should; especially as you seem the only one to object."

As the dissatisfied look still clouded Minnie's face, her mother said, "Now I've a plan to propose to you before your young friends arrive. I want you all to do something for old Grandmother Gray, who has only a cat to amuse her."

Before she could say more, the bell rang, and into the room tumbled half a dozen bright-faced girls. When they were seated, Minnie's mother began again.

"I want you all to do something for poor old Grandmother Gray, to give her a pleasant Thanksgiving. Her husband was lost at sea, her sons died of scarlet fever, just as they became a help and real comfort to their mother."

Here one or two of the girls looked sober, and all attentive, excepting Alice Johnson, who was looking around with an envious eye on the pretty ornaments of the room.

"Of course, no money we could give would make up to her for her empty home, with no companion but a cat; but it would please her to think that her neighbors did not forget her, and as she cannot earn a great deal by knitting and mat-braiding, I fear, in winter, she must find it hard work to keep the pot boiling. Now," said Mrs. Dale, "I advise you to get up a little surprise party, and carry her some Thanksgiving."

The girls were charmed at the idea. The cross, weary look left Minnie's face as if by magic. She was, indeed, at heart, a sweet little girl.

In the morning they met again to prepare for the party. Mrs. Dale promised Minnie a chicken, a mince-pie, and pickles. Alice Johnson came out of herself enough to ask her grandmother for the warm winter gown that had been laid aside for some such occasion. Little Bell was to supply doughnuts and a spare-rib of pork. When all was collected, it was more than even the seven girls could carry. So Minnie's father

harnessed up, and carried the budget for them. Puss even was remembered by the smallest girl, who had four kittens at home, and who brought a pail of new milk for her "catship."

It would be difficult to imagine a happier company: and yet they held back and hesitated in knocking and telling their errand. Finally they agreed to vote, and the lot fell to Minnie. For a minute the rebellious feelings returned, as she said to herself, "The girls were willing enough that she should do what was not pleasant, while they would not have her for president!" But the thought of how happy the old lady would be chased them away.

She knocked; the door opened, and there stood Grandmother Gray, with Puss at her side. Surprised, indeed, she looked. Minnie got as far as "dear madam," and then broke down; then changed it into, "We've come to give you a party."

"Give *me* a party?"

"Yes; and we've brought you a lot of nice things."

Grandmother Gray answered by putting her apron to her eyes, and going back to the kitchen. Then the girls brought bundle after bundle and laid on the table. The heaviest Mr. Dale carried in. Then the girls opened them; and a fine show it was, for the girls had begged well that morning. Bags of flour, sugar, tea, coffee, spices, the chicken, pork, pies and cake, the gown, a woollen shawl, a little money, and a number of yards of soft, thick flannel.

At first the old lady could not speak, for not only did she see that she would not be hungry all winter, but she felt the great kindness of her neighbors. At last she found words to thank the happy-faced children.

Mrs. Puss was glad when they were gone, for she was so terrified by the strangers, especially as they were children to whom she was not used, that after an anxious glance to see if the door of the cellar (her usual place of refuge) was not open, she had hidden under the farthest corner of the bedstead, from which safe retreat the most endearing "puss, puss," could not entice her.

After the children left, which they soon did, Grandmother Gray knelt down and thanked God for all his mercies, and prayed for blessings to be showered on her little friends.

"I tell you what it is," she said to Puss, "almost always when it looks the darkest, there's light ahead. Last night I thought I hadn't a friend on earth, to-day I find I have plenty. I tell you this is a beautiful world if we could only manage to see it."

To which her cat replied by looking as sleepy and stupid as usual.

Minnie and her friends went home happy as birds, thinking it as pleasant, as easy, to make others happy, and that they would do it again. Afterwards, when Minnie pouted, it was only necessary for Mrs. Dale to advise a visit to Grandmother Gray to bring back smiles to her face and sunshine to her heart.

A NEW FAIRY STORY.

A LAZY girl, who liked to live in comfort and do nothing, asked her fairy godmother to give her a good genius to do everything for her. On the instant the fairy called ten dwarfs, who dressed and washed the little girl, and combed her hair, and fed her, and so on. All was done so nicely that she was happy, except for the thought that they would go away. "To prevent that," said the godmother, "I will place them permanently in your ten pretty little fingers." And they are there yet. — *Laboulaye.*

For the Dayspring.

THE MONKEY'S FATHER.

OUR little four-year-old boy is charmed with organ-grinders, or "grind-organ men" as he calls them, and monkeys; especially with the monkeys.

The other day he came running into the house in great glee to tell me about one that had just been stopping before our gate. "O Aunt Fannie," he said, "there was *such* a cunning little monkey came along! He was all dressed up in a little suit, and he had a little barksit" (he meant basket) "on his head, and he'd do *every single thing* his papa told him to: if his papa told him to take off his hat, he'd take the little barksit right off; and if you gave him a penny, he'd run right up to his papa and give it to him."

"Yes, Taddie," I said, as he stopped for breath, "the little monkey must have been very charming; but the man wasn't his father. He was his *master*, you know; but not his father."

"Oh! wasn't he?" responded Taddie: "I thought he was. Well, anyway, the little monkey looked some like him."

If it were not that we hope "Taddie," just now one of the funniest little fellows we know, will grow up to write as choice English as his great namesake, Addison, we should suggest that his appropriate name would be Darwin; for, though he does not assert that man's grandfather was an ape, he was confident that the monkey's father was a man.

It reminds me of some children in the olden time, when Boston was a town, who burst on their father with, "We want to go to the menagerie to see the African lion, the Bengal tiger, the Ceylon elephant, and the monkeys."

The father, more strict, not to say stern, in discipline than fathers are now, cruelly replied, "You shall not go to see the African lion; you shall not go to see the Bengal tiger; you shall not go to see the Ceylon elephant; and as for monkeys, you are monkeys enough yourselves."

A BIRD'S NOTE.

SOME years ago, my sister owned a bird called Dick. He was old when given to her. He sang sweetly, though not loud; which made me like him all the better, for a shrill song upsets my nerves. We had to respect Master Dick's nerves; and were put to our wits' end when he was taken ill; for we could not help him out of a fit,

for fear we should send him into a worse one.

My sister was very fond of Dick, and left many directions, when she went away for a visit, as to his diet and safety. Once, to set her mind at ease, I wrote her a note in the name of Master Dick. Sometimes she talked to him in *bird talk;* and you will see by his note that he caught some of her queer words.

Dick's note may amuse you, now that there are so few birds about. Even the plump snow-birds, in their soft gray coats and ermine hoods, have scarcely appeared. Hardy little fellows! I admire the courage with which they face the nipping wind, and hop in the chilly snow.

DICK'S NOTE.

ON MY PERCH.

DEAR AUNTY, — I am very well, and hope you are the same. I miss you very much, particularly in the morning, when you *slosh* the water. I have rubbed through the cold; but I have been a frozen bird, though they have left the door of the room open at night, and drawn to my curtains.

I have no idea of taking a bath this cold weather. Saturday afternoon, I did give myself a small pecking and a shower-bath out of my water-cup. That silly woman you left to take care of me put my tub in my cage: just as if I were such a fool as to take a plunge-bath with weather at zero! However, she took it out before night: so I did not fall in, instead of making myself into a puff-ball on my perch.

As for *singeing*, I have done a little at that; but is not so pleasant to *singe* solo, as with you, in a *dooett*. I have nothing to complain of, but that that woman pinched off two or three bits of my fig, under the pretence of seeing if it was a good fig; and that, Sunday morning, a big man sat in your rocking-chair; but I *tweaked* so loud, that at last he went away. All is safe in your room, but that they have stolen your fur tippet. I would write a longer note; but I have only a bird's-eye view of man and nature. When you come back, bring me a leaf. — Yours ever,

DICK.

BULLETIN.

Twelve-o'clock Edition.

All quiet on the Potomac. Army well provisioned. Two big seeds, fresh apple, four wedges of fig, bunch of roots, *yaller* seeds, usual seeds, full cup of water, sand on the floor. Sun shining in. Flowers watered. Cage secure. No enemy in sight.

DICK.

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1. MIND your *tongue!* Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind, or wicked words. Mind!

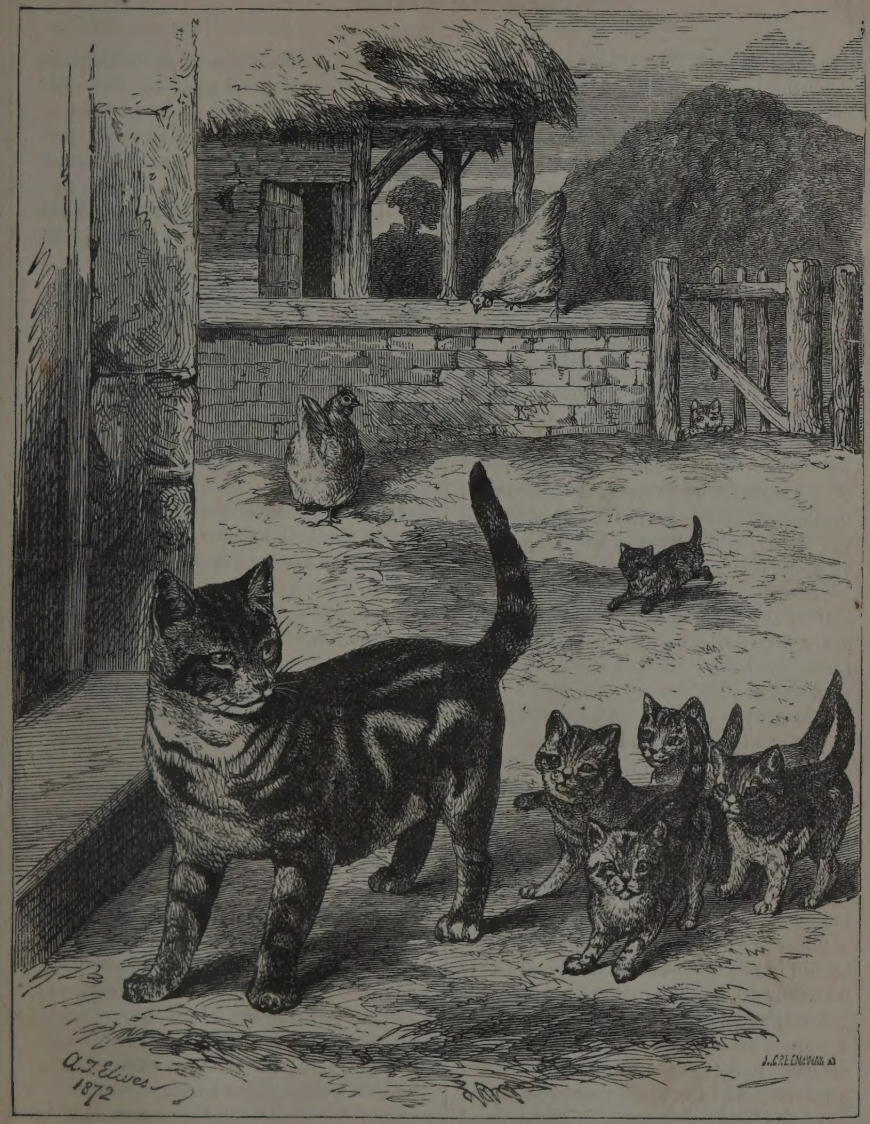
2. Mind your *eyes!* Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures or objects. Mind!

3. Mind your *ears!* Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs, or words. Mind!

4. Mind your *lips!* Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them. Mind!

5. Mind your *hands!* Don't let them steal, or fight, or write any evil words. Mind!

Mind your *feet!* Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked. Mind! Selected.



SURPRISE PARTY.

SURPRISE PARTY.

IN the western part of Massachusetts lives the Carroll family. The father is an industrious, frugal, intelligent farmer. Not only the farm-house, but the barns, hen-house, gates and fences are in good order. When any one drives by he is apt to say, "What a neat, decent, comfortable place! I'd like to board there for the summer, and feast on golden butter, rich cream, and brown bread."

But farmer Carroll has no need to take boarders, and he and his wife and six healthy children fill the house. The little Carrolls enjoy their country life; but, sometimes, as is the way with children as well as grown people, they hanker for what others have. For instance, their mother's brother, uncle Dunbar, is a minister, and the little Dunbars wrote a flaming account of a surprise party given to their father by his parish.

"So many pumpkins rolled in," cried Jerry Carroll, "was as good as having Cinderella's fairy drive to the door in her pumpkin coach."

"Don't you have as much pumpkin pie as you can eat?" asked his father.

"But that is different."

"It's as different," said farmer Carroll, "as raising your own vegetables is from being indebted to your parishioners for them; who ought to pay you for your services in round dollars, and not in round pumpkins."

"For my part," said Mrs. Carroll, "I should hate a surprise party. I had rather invite my friends and prepare for them."

But the little Carrolls, who delighted in a tumult, made believe for a month that a surprise party was coming, and settled what it would bring, how the supper would be spread, and they should sit up late, and play games with the old people; just as they did at Thanksgiving, and so, have two Thanksgivings. Sometimes we have our wish, only in a different way.

"Look, look," cried Mary Carroll, "see, what a splendid cat, with a dozen kittens at our door!"

"Hullo!" said Jerry, "father wouldn't let us have a surprise party of people, and the cats heard of it, and have come instead."

"Let me see! let me see!" said waddling Dora, whose fat legs did not bring her as fast as she wished. "I want that one with her paw held up."

"That's mine," said Jerry, "the funny one, scampering because he's late."

"Do look," said Sally, "at the forlorn little one who has only got her head out at the gate. I'll take that one, Ned, Joey, and Sue! last come last served. Take your pick of the three left."

"What has happened?" cried Mrs. Carroll, hurrying in to the front room, for used as she was to noise, the uproar of screams, laughter, and tumbling up and down stairs alarmed her.

Six voices cried at once, "Oh, mother, Mrs. Grey-stripes! Six kittens! All with paws! I want the one with the paw held up! Six tails right up in the air! Please some milk! Where are the old cat's saucers? A surprise party, mother! Roll in the pumpkins, Mrs. Grey-stripes! No; roll in your kittens."

When they were hospitably fed, the children went to the neighbors, who laughed at Jerry's amusing account of the surprise party, and obliged him by taking a kitten apiece. Being a kind-hearted boy he did not grudge walking a long distance: and then rested himself by writing a letter to his cousins, assuring them that his surprise party cut theirs out and out; that Mrs. Grey-stripes was the Queen of cats, and that Dora would neither eat nor sleep, so enchanted was she with her kitten.

LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER III.

The Secret Panel.

No two cats are alike. My sister Chinchilla seldom stirred from the barn or Mrs. Whisker's side; Caprille was busy in search of fun from morning till night, yet happy wherever she was; while I pined for a change. My family misunderstood me, thinking me sleepy or stupid, when my brain was teeming with conjectures as to whether there would ever be an American Whittington's cat, and, if so, why I could not be that cat. Why should Whittington's cat see London sights and lap cream from golden saucers, and I, as deserving, perish in the winter, and be nipped all the year round by the jeering of my companions?

I could not flatter myself that, even if Mount went to seek his fortune, he would take a cat with him; but might I not hit the fancy of some one of the many visitors to Clive House? So, instead of running away, I took to running there on the sly. I did not dare to walk boldly in, so long as Dr. Clive hated cats.

There was a secret panel on the left side of the fire-place in the right wing of Clive House. I managed to make my way into it. I wondered why it was called *wing*. It was not shingled with feathers; it did not move, save when the east wind, sharp from the ocean, rocked it to sleep.

Dr. Clive never ventured on the front piazza when the east wind blew, fond as he was of looking through the telescope at the white sails, huddled like a flock of sheep on the horizon. Often I heard him say, looking at the front field leading to the water, "That field is sown with gold." Mount heard him say it, too; and, when he told Lucy to go with him and hunt for some of that gold, I crept after them to see what I could see. But all that was yellow in the field was a dandelion or a butter-cup in its season.

Even the saucy rats did not venture behind the haunted panel. This made me laugh in my fur sleeve; for I found nothing more dangerous than two bundles of dusty papers, which made me sneeze. Whatever else I am, I am no coward; indeed, so far was I from being afraid of my shadow, that I fairly longed to see the ghost of that Queen of cats, Mayor Whittington's cat.

A wise cat is not long in finding the silver lining to every cloud. The jeering of the animals in the barn drove me to the cosey cat's cradle behind the panel, where I snugly rocked to sleep, or watched Dr. Clive and his grandchildren as they came and went.

Human beings are much queerer than four-legged creatures. Dr. Clive was very surprising. How I longed to say, when he run cats down, "My good sir, are you aware that you resemble Mrs. Whisker?"

Indeed, I have observed, during my long and rather uneventful life, that men and women are apt to look like some animal, — horse, cow, cat, dog, or bird; those that are of the cow type being the handsomest.

Dr. Clive was a great NO.

"A very hot day, Dr. Clive," one neighbor would say.

"By no means; very cold."

Perhaps in an hour after another would remark, "Quite a cold day, Dr. Clive."

"Can't agree with you: it's mild, to my mind."

But he was apt to say "yes" to Mount. That boy was the apple of his eye, his only grandson, and heir to Clive House, Pansy Bank, and a large slice of Harmony

Hill. Besides, Mount was a boy after his own heart; brave, out-spoken, and ready to tell the truth to his own cost. And the doctor did not see that his indulgent treatment of his grandson had fostered this bravery, while Lucy had been so repressed that she had hardly courage to say her soul was her own.

"Only a girl, and sly like a cat," I heard the old man say of her one day, when she had been afraid to tell her mind. And if I could have put my thoughts into words, I should have replied, "You don't know her, old man; if you treated her kindly, you would see her worth. She is more than a lion in courage, if any one hurts or abuses *us*. She wouldn't have such a listless way if her young mother had only lived. She is ready to love every one, but no one is ready to love her. Though a year older than Mount, she is many years younger in your favor. It is so hard for her to be stared at all the time, and yet be the puss in the corner, that I would share with her this secret panel, if I could."

One day as she sat twisting in and out, in and out, a bit of twine, Mount ran into the room, crying eagerly, "Lucy, for pity's sake, stop playing cat's cradle, and listen to who's coming to live here."

"Who?"

"Cousin Anita, who sent us the honey! She'll make sparks fly!"

"What is she coming for?"

"To *governess* you. Stroke her fur the right way, or you'll catch it!"

"Is she fur?"

"You'll kill me!" said Mount, kicking his heels. "You'll wish her *fur*ther any way."

When I went back to the barn, I asked Mrs. Whisker what a cousin was like, and if a cousin was pleasant.

But I was none the wiser for her answer, for all she said was, "There are cousins and there are cousins." She had been an oracle for a week. When she was an oracle, you might as well talk to the wind. Only the day before I said, "Please call me when Dr. Clive goes forth with his spear and club to hunt for lions;" for some one going by the barn remarked he was a "noted lion-hunter."

"Foolish cat," said Mrs. Whisker, "wild beasts prowled on Harmony Hill when it was covered with wigwams. What is meant by being a 'lion-hunter' now is inviting literary folks to your house, who talk big."

When I told Caprille that I wished Mrs. Whisker would explain a little more, she said, "Mothers think children learn the most when they puzzle out riddles for themselves. Now if you were running along the bank of Clive House, the doctor's visitors, instead of saying, 'There goes a cat,' would be apt to say, 'See that fine caterpillar'—

"Then they'd be fools, for that's a crawling worm."

"Ready to appear fools if they can make others stare."

Then I went off to my panel to see if that wouldn't clear my head, that Mrs. Whisker and Caprille had got into a muddle. What made *them* so easy, while I was so disturbed? Was it because I was stupid, or was it that *they* were wise enough to see that ignorance is bliss? After a good cat-nap, I awoke refreshed, saying to myself, "Patience, Tab, for as you grow older much that seems strange to you now will become clearer."

"ALWAYS give a good word for a bad one."

THE IRON BOOT.

I READ an interesting story, not long ago, about Johnny Truman and his *iron boot*. This little boy had a disease in his foot. It made the bones of his foot and ankle soft, so that they were bending, and growing out of proper shape, as he walked upon them. His mother took him to a physician to see what should be done with him. The physician told her to get an iron boot made for his foot, and to make him wear it every day for a year. So the boot was made, and put on. But Johnny found it very awkward, unpleasant, and painful. He couldn't run. He couldn't jump. He could only drag it wearily as he walked slowly along. Poor Johnny! it was a very hard thing for him. Sometimes the neighbors would say, as he was limping along, —

"There goes poor Johnny Truman with his iron boot! It's cruel in his mother to make him wear it when he hates it so much!"

And sometimes he would go to his mother, and say, —

"O mother! do take this iron boot off. It's so hard to get along with! It almost kills me. I don't care if I am lame. I don't care if my ankle is out of joint. I don't care how I am when I grow up. All I want is *to get this boot off.*" And then Johnny would worry and fret, as if his mother had put the boot on just on purpose to give him trouble. Yet it wasn't so. The iron boot was necessary to support the limb till the bones grew strong and healthy. But Johnny had no faith in it. He didn't believe it would do him any good. Instead of trusting his mother and the doctor, he was fretting and worrying about it all the time.

A lady who was staying at the house got tired of hearing his complaints; and she said to his mother one day, —

"Mrs. Truman, why don't you take the boot off that boy, and let him take the consequences? I'm sure I would."

His mother was grieved. She looked with tender love upon her little boy; and as she stroked his head, she said, —

"I must do for my child, not what is most pleasant for him now, but what will be most useful for him hereafter. Johnny will thank me one day for what I am doing now. If he wouldn't think about it so much, it wouldn't be so hard to bear. He has a great many things to make him comfortable and happy, in spite of his iron boot; and that won't last long."

Johnny hung down his head. He felt ashamed of himself. He knew how many kind things his mother was doing for him all the time, and that even the iron boot was for his good.

At last the year of painful trial passed away. The disease was removed. The iron boot was taken off. Johnny grew up to be a tall, handsome young man, with straight, strong limbs, and a firm, quick tread. And what do you think he oftenest said to his mother? Many and many a time he would throw his arms round her neck, and say, —

"O mother! I never can thank you enough for making me wear that iron boot. *It was the best thing you ever did for me.* If it hadn't been for that, I would have been a poor cripple all my life."

Thus you see how Johnny's trouble was made a blessing to him. Well, just in the same way every trial that we have is *an iron boot* that our heavenly Father puts upon us. Don't let us fret and worry about it; but let us bear it patiently, because we may be sure that God intends it to do us good in some way. — *The Children's Paper.*

KINDNESS REMEMBERED.

A POOR calf was born just as its mother died. The calf was taken care of by a lady, who made a pet of it. When it became a heifer, it was sold, and the lady lost sight of it for about two years. At that time, as she was walking out, she met a herd of cattle, when one of them came up to her, showing evident symptoms of pleasure. The lady immediately recognized and patted her old acquaintance, who, after being satisfied by these marks of favor, quietly turned round and rejoined the herd.

Selected.

"IT would be well for us all, old and young, to remember that *our words, actions, ay, and our thoughts also, are set on never-stopping wheels*, rolling on, and on, into the pathways of eternity."

LEUWENHOCK — a great naturalist, who possessed an extraordinary faculty of observation — calculates that of these threadlets, as emitted by a young spider no bigger than a grain of sand, four millions would be required to equal in thickness a single hair of a man's beard.

"WHEN a spider is found upon our clothes," says quaint old Fuller, "we used to say, 'Some money is coming toward us.' The moral is this: Such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature, 'which taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces,' may, by God's blessing, weave themselves into wealth, and procure a plentiful estate."

"WHEN people refuse to be instructed, they are sure to go astray. How many a child or Sunday-scholar has been indifferent to a parent's or a teacher's instructions, and at the end of a wasted life bitterly repented of his folly? Sunday-school Teachers' Manual.

NEDDY, THE PIEBALD DONKEY.

WHY, here is our old friend Neddy, the donkey, looking out at us from his snug little stable, and pricking up his great long ears because he is so pleased to see us! Well, you do look happy and contented, Neddy; and no wonder, for John has just covered the floor of your stable with clean straw, and placed a pail of fresh water for you to drink from when you are thirsty. Besides, you have had a good dinner of oats, and your coat has been brushed till it looks quite soft and smooth. Happy Neddy! you are, indeed, a fortunate donkey. And then, too, you never have any hard work to do, only to carry Mary and Willie by turns upon your back, or baby in the pannier, along the green lanes or across the meadows, for a little way every fine day. You never have to pull along a heavy cart, and get beaten with a big stick, like a donkey we saw the other day. No wonder that poor animal put back his ears and did not seem to want to move at all! When we were down at the seaside last autumn we saw a great many donkeys, but none of them looked so happy, or had such smooth, soft coats as you have.

The men would beat them; and when little Willie was having a ride upon one, along the sandy shore, he turned round and said to the driver, "Please don't beat the poor donkey, because he can feel just the same as you can; if you do, I must be taken off."

Then the man looked ashamed, and did not beat him any more, and the donkey pricked up his ears and trotted away when Willie patted his neck. Don't you think Willie was quite right? Little boys and girls should never be afraid to speak out when they see poor animals ill-treated.

In England, the donkey — or ass as he is properly called — is not valued much, but is very useful to poor people. He is able to

do a great deal of work, and is satisfied with a small quantity of cheap food. We often see him drawing along little carts, laden with the fruit and vegetables that the poor sell in the streets. In some parts of the world, however, donkeys are thought a great deal of, and treated with much care and attention. In Egypt and Syria, the richest people may be seen riding on them, and they sometimes have their backs covered with crimson and gold. We learn from the Bible that, in the East, judges and great men used to ride upon white asses. H. B. A.

The Children's Prize.

COSEY CORNER.

WHAT bothers you most? I think it is not to know what to do when you are told it is your duty to do something. The people in Boston, who have in charge to awaken an interest in the great Centennial Exhibition to be held at Philadelphia next Fourth of July, have urged the "Dayspring" to do its part towards making that Exhibition as grand as the grandest the world has seen.

Now you are not old enough to do much; but you *can* "push your pound."

If Rev. Mr. Kimball of Newport, R.I., ever addresses your Sunday school, ask him to tell you about the boy who pushed his pound. Of all the good stories told our Sunday school, this is the one best remembered.

I'll tell it as well as I can. "There was a great ship to be launched. A crowd had assembled. The big men, whose duty it was to set her going, had hauled and pulled with ropes, and in every way they could think of. But budge she would not. Down rushed a boy, perhaps he was ten years old (and looked like my sturdy little friend, Harry B., with round face, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks), and cried, "Let me push!" And, when they all laughed, he was not discouraged, but said, "I can push my pound."

Perhaps the ship was just ready to move, and all she needed was one little shove more; at all events, away she went.

Now look about you and see how you can push your pound for the Exhibition. If there be a Fair to help it on in your neighborhood, make something to sell at it. The table supplied by children was one of the most attractive at the last Dumb Animal Fair in Boston.

Next best to being a hundred years old this year is to be a child this year, so as to tell, maybe, your children and your grandchildren how was kept the Centennial Anniversary, the Birth-day of our Fatherland; and what would interest them still more, how you, as boy or girl, pushed your pound to launch the ship of state.

For the Dayspring.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

GOD is in the Heavens above us,
On the earth, and everywhere,
He will never cease to love us;
We are children of His care.

When the summer skies are o'er us,
And the sunshine fills the air,
And the birds in joyful chorus
Sing his praises — God is there.

When the stars in winter glisten,
And the trees are brown and bare,
God, our Father, then will listen
To the little snow-bird's prayer.

Let us love Him and adore Him,
Who has made this world so fair;
Singing, as we walk before Him,
God is with us everywhere!

C. T. B.

NEWPORT, Jan. 31, 1876.

HOME. By Miss Sedgwick. New edition. For sale by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. A copy should be in every one of our Sunday-school libraries. Not that at this day, its somewhat didactic style will attract many readers among the scholars, but that their teachers and parents may not lose the lesson it beautifully teaches of the right ordering of a Christian home.

FOR THE LITERARY.

ANSWERS TO THE FIFTY QUESTIONS.

Last week we printed fifty questions, each to be answered by the name of a well-known author. We did not receive the answer to No. 38 until last evening, when it was discovered by one of our own compositors. It was a source of perplexity to many of our readers, and was given up in despair even by those who had solved all of the other numbers.

1. Chaucer.
2. Dryden.
3. Pope.
4. Taylor.
5. Holmes.
6. Holland.
7. Hood.
8. Burns.
9. Pryor.
10. Southey.
11. Shelley.
12. Coleridge.
13. Young.
14. Lowell.
15. Campbell.
16. Akenside.
17. Wordsworth.
18. Longfellow.
19. Whittier.
20. Goldsmith.
21. Bret Harte.
22. Spenser.
23. Chatterton.
24. De Quincey.
25. Bacon.
26. Bunyan.
27. Churchill.
28. Curtis.
29. Procter.
30. Walter Savage Landor.
31. Steele.
32. Tennyson.
33. Willis.
34. Browning.
35. Swift.
36. Barry Cornwall.
37. Shakspeare.
38. Crabbe.
39. Cooke.
40. Dickens.
41. Stowe.
42. Lamb.
43. Beecher.
44. Milton.
45. Motherwell.
46. Emerson.
47. The Howitts, Sir!
48. Bryant.
49. Cowper.
50. Gray.

Evening Gazette.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

My first is a fruit you see
That grows on a tropical tree;
My second just transpose,
And confidence it shows;
My whole are used by poets all,
And taught to school boys large and small.

Florentine.

BEHEADED PUZZLE.

WHEN on the sea I met a ———
The sight made me exceeding ———
I quickly then began to ———
And asked him what it was he ———

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